THE OBSERVER.

.....

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

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THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Vol. I. *Baltimore, Saturday, April* 4, 1807. *No.* 14.

For the Observer.

BEATRICE IRONSIDE's BUDGET.

..... *volumes of reports*
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings. SHAKSPERE.

Oh ! that mine enemy had written a book, exclaimed the Patriarch of Uz, in his affliction. Oh! that mine enemy were editor to a Baltimore Miscellany, cries Beatrice, and were he any thing less than IRON, how quickly would my wrongs be all avenged ! ! !

In a community like this, where the nobler sex are almost entirely engrossed, by parchments, pulses, or price currents, the attempt of a female to promote the cause of taste, literature and morals, by undertaking the arduous employment of editor to a weekly paper, would it should seem, have been cherished with respect, and forwarded with assistance and encouragement. The cheering influence of the added consideration of her fellow citizens, would have stimulated her exertions to excel, animated her in the prosecution of her endless labours, and sweetened the often wearisome task of editorial duty. Such were the expectations of Beatrice, such the flattering prospect with which she entered on her new avocation...But alas! luckless dame, not long were the illusions of thy fancy to deceive thee...not long e'er the futility of thy hopes was demonstrated, and vexation usurped their empire in thy spirit.

Do the sheets of the Miscellany contain only dissertations on morality, essays without vivacity or humour, and selections however judicious from the best authors, every one exclaims, how dull, how insupportable...and The Observer might ultimately apply to the legislature for the liquidation of its debts, to the printer, paper-maker and carrier. On the other hand, does Beatrice endeavour to enliven the page, and fulfil one of the chief ends of her vocation, by using the arm of ridicule to combat folly, a thousand divinities suppose themselves pointed at, and condemn her like another too clear sighted Actæon, to be *torn in pieces* by still more merciless hounds.

Benjamin Bickerstaff, Esq. the gravest satirist, the brightest star of literature of the age, gave up his post in The Observer... *sic transit gloria mundi*...Beatrice lived over the shock...but not content with depriving her of his glorious emanations, Benja-

min, the gallant, the benevolent, the *magnanimous* Benjamin, the oracle of half the little Misses of the city, the centre of taste, science and learning, raises his voice in the high places, and proclaims aloud, that the sun of *The Observer* has set forever...In his last solemn finale he pronounced its doom...for what, when not irradiated by his beams can flourish ! ! !

Every illustration of character that Beatrice has used, has, by the folly of some, and the *black malignity* of others, been appropriated to persons, who were as far from her imagination when she penned them, as the North pole from the South.... And all that mortified self-love can suggest, is said to her and of her on every side, and what is still more amusing, whilst these offended personages shew all the littleness of rage, they finish with a look of immense importance, and proudly declare they consider it all beneath notice.

Do any of the dull sons of dullest prose do violence to the Muses, and forcibly scamper up Parnassus, if Beatrice refuses to embellish the Observer with their sublimities, they become her sworn and inveterate enemies...thus is poor Beatrice assailed in every quarter, every weapon is raised against her, except *wit*, and of that, Heaven be praised, she has no very heavy cause of complaint. *Oh ! that mine enemy were editor to a miscellany, in the liberal, the enlightened, the polished city of Baltimore ! ! !*

To the Editor of the Observer.

MADAM,

There is no man living, more ambitious to gain the esteem, and win the smiles of the ladies, than I am. But if their regard is only to be purchased with the dear price of a servile acquiescence in every thing they do, it will never be my good fortune to possess it. I am no temporizer; no sycophant. I cannot bestow promiscuous applause on their actions, as well censurable as commendable. My neck is too stiff to nod uniform assent to the conduct of a woman, *merely* because she is a *woman.* The ladies may deem such obstinacy a sacrifice of gallantry, but I have the consoling assurance, that it conduces to their good. If I see a woman commit a fault, shall I connive at it, by suffering it to pass unreproved ?...or, what is worse, abet it by telling her it is a merit ? No; such false delicacy would be unfriendly and ruinous; would be immolating innocence on the altar of dissimulation; and would deserve the imputation of every friend of virtue. But let me rather remind her of her folly, expose its deformity, and admonish her to correct it. I might then subject myself to a frown, and excite the spirit of ill-will against me; but I should have the happy consciousness, that I was a sufferer in the cause of virtue...and who would not glory in such sufferings ? Who would not be glad to die in defence of such a cause.

Such, Madam, was the enthusiastic indignation that filled my mind as I sat in Church the other Sunday,and observed the levity of some youngladies. To me, who had been taught by my parents to reverence and pay the most respectful deference to religion, their behaviour seemed *monstrous*. They did not stop at mere *inattention* to the ceremonies of worship, but proceeded to open insult and violation of them. Indeed their manners were a scene of impious frivolity from their entrance into the Church, until their departure from it. Their conduct was neither in unison with the dictates of piety and decorum, nor consonant to the prevalent demeanour of the audience. For others kept their eyes fixed on the minister and attended to his sermon ; but they kept theirs rolling from one side of the house to the other, and viewing the pretty faces and fashionable dresses of the congregation. Others were silent...but they whispered. Others looked grave...but they smiled. Others entered the Church with a step...but they with a leap. Others walked to their seats...but they pranced along in a kind of non-descript gait, half running and half dancing, I would call it. Others sat still...but they were up and down, alternately, every minute. In a word, others manifested a veneration for the solemnity of the place, and the dignity of the pulpit, but they showed themselves equally regardless of both.

These, though too long a catalogue, are but a small number of the indiscretions which appeared in the carriage of these airy beings. How much it is to be wished, that when they go to Church again, they may carry their reason with them, for surely they must have left it at home that day, or, which is as bad, if they had it about them, did not choose to exercise it, else, they would not have debased their characters to such a degree, nor exposed themselves to the arrows of reprehension.

I assure you, Madam, these expressions flow from no prejudiced source They are the result of impartial observation, and are presented to you with a hope, that they will be a lesson , in a small degree, useful to some of your female readers. E.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Dear Beatrice,

I have the misfortune, in common with a number of my female acquaintances, to be frequently pestered by the obtrusive visits of a pert, prattling, popinjay, whose excessive vanity renders him entirely insensible to the most pointed allusion, and callous to the severest rebuke.

Having been noticed by a few conspicuous characters, he thinks himself entitled to the privilege of assuming with impunity, any line of conduct and behaviour dictated by his overweening vanity, and self-importance. It is in vain that he is treated both in company and in private with every mark of dis-

approbation and contempt; with the most unparalleled effrontery, this upstart will immediately construe these palpable evidences of displeasure into an opposite sense....and does not hesitate to say that they are merely efforts to hide our real sentiments.

Like all the rest of his tribe, his own actions are his constant theme...the burthen of his song...the perpetual subject of his eulogies, to the great annoyance of all those who are so unfortunate as to be plagued by his company.

Irksome indeed is the situation of that society composed entirely of females into which he shall intrude himself. It is then that he acquires a double portion of importance...puffs his own greatness...talks of learning and learned men, style, composition, &c...insinuates that he is the author of such and such pieces and many others :...in short his eloquence would flow forever did not the appearance or presence of gentlemen put a stop to the torrent of his pertinacious loquacity. For you must understand he has very little to say when gentlemen are present, but where there are none but ladies, he presumes he can then make an ostentatious display of his talents without detection or exposure :...vain thought ! were it not for the perfect contempt with which we view him, we could essily divest the jack-daw of his borrowed plumage and exhibit him in his true colours.

To the honour of the gentlemen of this city (whose urbanity and politeness deserve the bigest encomiums) I am happy in observing that he is not a native of this place, having recently taken up his residence amongst them : and that no part of his ridiculous behaviour can be imputed to any precedent or example of theirs ; on the contrary, I apprehend he derives the principal part of his presumption from a previous residence in a neighbouring city.

I shall for the present, content myself with showing only a glimpse of his deformity, but should he not *mend his manners,* I will hold the mirror before him in such a manner as shall exhibit *a full length likeness.*

Yours, &c. CATHERINE KEEL-HAUL.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Translated from the French of M. de Besenval.

AN AMUSING ADVENTURE.

M. de St. André a lieutenant general employed at Strasbourg, having taken his seat in a public carriage to return to Paris, formed an acquaintance and friendship with a young man, whose name has not come to my knowledge, but who was taking the same journey with himself. M. de St. André and his new friend conversed mutually of their families &c. and of whatever could be most interesting to both...He learned from the young man

that he was then on his way to Paris, for the purpose of being married to a rich heiress, the only daughter of an intimate friend of his father...he spoke with the most unlimited confidence of every thing relative to his family, so that M. de St. Andrè very soon became acquainted with every particular that regarded the young stranger, as well as his expected bride. This interesting topic, engrossed the conversation of the friends, until they reached Paris. Having arrived, they took lodgings together in the Hotel d'Angleterre ; but hardly had they taken possession of their apartments, when the friend of M. de St. André, was seized with a sudden illness, which in some hours, notwithstanding all the assistance that could be given to him, ended in death.

M. de St. André, much affected by the fate of this unfortúnate young man, thought he must acquit himself of duties which circumstances required of him, and consequently, knowing that the defunct was expected that morning at the house of his future father-in-law, he took his letters from his pockets and set off to visit the father-in-law, in order to deliver him his papers, and inform him of the misfortune which had happened.

So far all was right. Every thing was conducted as propriety demanded, and would probably have been so concluded, but that an unexpected circumstance soon made M. de St. André forget his good resolutions. Arrived at the door of the father-in-law of his friend, the servants aware that a son-in-law was expected, and seeing a young stranger, did not doubt but that it was him, and ran to announce him as such to the master of the house, who on his side, ran without delay to welcome him, pressed him in his arms, and led him to his wife's chamber, to whom he presented him as her son-in-law, and to his daughter as a husband.

M. de St. André, who foresaw a great deal of amusement in the mistake, did not attempt to undeceive them. He played his part perfectly well...delivered the father and mother the letters with which the deceased was charged for them, and being perfectly acquainted with every thing, answered all their questions completely...he succeeded extremely well with the young lady, who cast side-long glances of admiration at the beauty of his face and figure. Dinner was announced...M. de St Andrè was placed next his intended ; the father and mother were delighted, and felt the pure pleasure of perfect contentment. The young lady was reserved, spoke little, answered hesitatingly, and blushed very often. M. de St. Andrè was gallant and attentive towards her, polite and prepossessing towards the father and mother. His countenance which was grave and austere, formed a singular contrast to his mannners which were gay and agreeable? and perhaps heightened the effect of his wit, and the eccentricity of his conduct.

Dinner being over, and coffee taken, the conversation became more serious...they talked of settlements, and entered into all the details, relating to a new establishment. In the height of

the conversation M. de St. André, got up, and taking his hat, seemed about to take leave. Where are you going asked the father-in-law ?...I have some business replied he, which obliges me to leave you...How ? what business can you have in a place in which you never were before, and in which you know no one ? All that is very true,but it is not the less absolutely necessary that I should go.....Ah ! I see what it is ; you want to get money from your banker. In the first place, you do not think I will suffer you to be without it, I have plenty very much at your service...but if you will positively have some from your banker, I can send some one to do your business, and you need not deprive us of the pleasure of your company. No, it is not that at all...it is an affair to which my presence is absolutely indispensible. While speaking, M. de St. André moved towards the door, he was soon in the anti-chamber where the father-in-law followed him. Now that we are alone continued M. de St. André, and that the ladies cannot overhear us, I will tell you, that very soon after my arrival, a terrible accident happened. I was seized with a violent bilious cholick, of which I died : I gave my word that I would be buried at 6 o'clock ; you may suppose I cannot dispense with such an engagement ; and that being in a strange country, if I failed in the exactitude of my appointments, a levity of character would be imputed to me which I might find very injurious.

The astonishment with which the father-in-law listened to M. de St. Andrè, may be easily conceived. Perhaps he did not think the joke in a very good taste, however the idea appeared to him so entirely extravagant, that he returned to the apartment laughing so heartily he could with difficulty explain the cause of his mirth to his wife and daughter. While they were yet talking of the jest, the clock struck six, then seven—they were astonished to see no appearance of the young man... at eight o'clock the father-in-law becoming angry and impatient sent to the hotel d'Angleterre, to know what had become of him. The servant charged with this commission, having enquired for him under his real name, the people at the hotel informed him, that *he had died that day at* 11 *o'clock and had been buried at* 6 *in the evening*. It would be difficult to express the astonishment of the father-in-law, his wife and daughter. The story finishes here without adding whether the family made further enquiries, or were content with this information, which however it is not very important to know.

BASHFULNESS.

Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments, and understanding what is proposed to him ; 'tis therefore good to press forwards, with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

" Illum non populi fasces non purpura regum
Flexit.————————————————"

(Concluded from page 201.)

No private man, since the time of Cromwell, has acted so conspicuous a part in England as Charles Fox. But the former headed armies, commanded fleets, exhausted a treasury, and overturned the state; while the latter, by means of the *mens divinior*—by talents alone, attained a high degree of authority, and seemed born expressly to serve and to save his country.

It was assuredly something out of the ordinary course of events to behold the junior branch of a new family surrounded by the Russels, the Howards, and the Cavendishes, directing all that was venerable among our patricians; and although destitute of the gifts of fortune himself, commanding the services of the most wealthy of the aristocracy. By the nation in general he was beloved; by the inhabitants of Westminster he was adored as " the man of the people;" for every one considered him in the light either of a benefactor or a protector, while the frowns of royalty, which would have appalled and withered an ordinary man, served only to render *him* more conspicuous, who, in the energetic language of Dr. Johnson, " had divided the nation with the king."

Amidst our sorrows for the loss of an individual, let us still glory in the liberties of our country. Where despotism reigns, kingdoms are generally governed by the base arts of courtiers, or the interested caprices of mistresses; but in a free state, genius united with eloquence, is capable of producing the most beneficial, as well as the most wonderful effects.

Modern history has been too prodigal of its praise to men of the sword; and he who has conquered in one or two battles, has been fondly crowned with victorious laurels, and greeted with applauding Pæns. The ancients, with their usual discernment, voted civic crowns to those who had saved the lives of their fellow citizens....How many crowns are due then to the man, who has always wished to economize the blood and treasure of the nation, who sheltered us from the horrors of two unnecessary wars; and who has contributed not a little to shorten the duration of three others, which would never have taken place could his warning voice have been heard, or his prophecying spirit been listened to.

So far as concerns his own glory, Fox has lived sufficiently long; but his existence has been far too short for the good not only of his own country, but of Europe. It is to be lamented that

he was overtaken by a mortal disease, at a moment when he had laid the foundation-stone of a temple dedicated to peace. Had he been spared but a year, perhaps a few months, longer, he might have completed his brilliant career, by restoring the constitution to its ancient splendour; by an annihilation of the disgraceful traffic in the representation of the people; and by expunging from the statute-books those new-fangled acts which disfigure and disgrace it.*

The close of his life was to the full as radient as its meridian splendor. The three last public acts were worthy of the man... of the hero. By one, he laboured to repair the outrages of war; to obtain a breathing-time to our allies; and by an extension of our commerce, to afford, if necessary, to his native country all the advantage of a renovated contest, without the danger of drying up the sources of her wealth. By another, he attempted to remove all legal disabilities arising out of religion, to unite more closely the interests of Ireland with those of England; and thus, by an extension of common rights, and a participation of common benefits, wisely to render that which has always been considered as the weakest, the strongest portion of the empire.

By a third and last, he obtained a solemn declaration from both houses of parliament, for the abolition of the slave trade; and thus closed his life with a measure, which while it rescues humanity from reproach, shall teach thousands yet unborn to venerate the name of sheir DELIVERER!

In his person and manner, Mr. Fox somewhat resembled the sage of Ithaca: he was short and corpulent, his chest was capacious, his shoulders broad, his hair dark and thick, his eye-brows black and bushy, his complexion tinged with a yellow hue. In his youth he was celebrated for his agility; but of late years he had become obese and unwieldy, while his lower extremities sometime past began to exhibit the diagnostics of that disease which proved fatal to him, at six o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday the 13th of September, 1806, without pain, and al-almost without a struggle, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

He expired at the house of his friend the duke of Devonshire, in the arms of his nephew, lord Holland, at Chiswick-house, hitherto celebrated as one of the masterpieces of Palladio's art; but which will henceforth be viewed with a new degree of interest by Englishmen, as the spot within the sanctuary of which a Fox uttered his last sigh.

His face and figure will be long recollected; for there was something uncommon in both. His bust has been repeatedly

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* These acts of public duty now remain to be performed by his colleagues and successors; and it may be expected that they will not disappoint the expectations of the country.

carved by the chissel of Nollekens; the last labours of Sir Joshua were bestowed on his portrait; while Jones is supposed to have excelled in a mezzo-tinto likeness, and Smith and Opie in whole lengths: these are the more transitory emblems of the person; for to whom is it given to depict the animated flashes of his eye in the course of an argument, or the menacing action of his hand during debate, to describe the wisdom of his head, the kindness of his heart, or the eloquence of his tongue?

No man has ever been more ready to bestow praise on others; and in return, he himself has been gratified with the eulogium, of almost every distinguished person of the present age. The great lexicographer, although pensioned by the king, and unfriendly to his principles, avowed his attachment to his person, and his admiration of his genius. His school-fellow the earl of Carlisle hailed the dawning talents of his youth; the classical pen of Dr. Parr offered a sincere tribute to the wonders of his maturer age; the duchess of Devonshire, surrounded by the loves and graces, hailed him as the brightest ornament of his age; while the duke of Bedford, at whose name modern nobility turns pale, installed his bust in the unfinished temple dedicated by him to liberty, and requested of his successor, on his death-bed, that it might be completed for its reception.*

His corpse, entombed with our kings, statesmen, and heroes, will repose within the precincts of that city which he so long represented. His name will be mentioned with those of Hampden, of Russel, and of Sydney, and History, after making a generous allowance for the foibles of early youth, will enshrine the fame of his better days in one unclouded blaze of glory.

He who now mingles the tears of an individual with those of nations, and strews the yet unburied remains of a sage and pa-

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* Verses by the duchess of Devonshire, inscribed under the bust of Mr. Fox, at Woburn.

"Here, 'midst the friends he lov'd, the man behold;
In truth unshaken, and in virtue bold;
Whose patriot zeal and uncorrupted mind
Dar'd to assert the freedom of mankind;
And whilst extending desolation far,
Ambition spread the baleful flames of war,
Fearless of blame, and eloquent to save,
'Twas he—'twas Fox, the warning counsel gave;
'Midst jarring conflicts stemm'd the tide of blood,
And to the menac'd world a sea-mark stood!

"Oh! had his voice in mercy's cause prevail'd,
What grateful millions had the statesman hail'd;
Whose wisdom bade the broils of nations cease,
And taught the world humanity and peace!
But though he fail'd, succeeding ages here
The vain yet pious effort shall revere:
Boast in their annals his illustrious name,
Uphold his greatness, and confirm his fame."

triot, with a few wild flowers plucked by a hasty and trembling hand, cannot conclude better than in the language of a great orator, as applied to one of the heroes of antiquity :

OMNIBUS QUI PATRIAM CONSERVAVERINT, ADJUVERINT, AUXERINT, CERTUS EST IN CŒLO ET DEFINITUS LOCUS, UBI BEATI ÆVO SEMPITERNO FRUANTUR.†

† Cicero, Som. Scip.

CRITICISM.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

(Continued from page 199.)

We have already said something of the state of society. In addition to the fault of being too artificial and *recherché,* it was evidently too profligate and unprincipled. Men of all ages and descriptions seem to be habitually occupied with schemes of seduction, and the married women almost universally amuse themselves with a succession of intrigues. There are some anecdotes in this book, however, that do not seem to agree so well with this apparent toleration of female profligacy, or serve at least to prove that a certain degree of virtue, or the appearance of it, is necessary to the subsistence even of the most dissolute society. We allude to the history of Madame Poplinière, and to that of Madame d'Héronville, both of which we think are very instructive, and may serve as an antidote to the more licentious moral of the tales among which they are recounted.

Madame Poplinière, the wife of the rich financier already mentioned, lived in the most brilliant and seducing society that France could at that time supply, and though she was suspected of various acts of gallantry, maintained her station in public, with as good a countenance as her neighbours. In an unlucky fit of jealousy, however, her husband one day discovered a secret communication between her chamber and that of the Marshal de Richelieu; and upon this proof of her infidelity, separated from her entirely, and publicly proclaimed the cause of his dissatisfaction. From the moment of this exposure, she was entirely deserted and avoided.

'Her husband allowed her, I believe, eight hundred pounds a-year with which she went to live, or rather die, in an obscure retreat, forsaken by the splendid society that had so often flattered her, and that despised her when she was in misfortune. A slight swelling that she had in her breast was the germ of a corrosive humour that slowly devoured her. Marshal Richelieu, who sought elsewhere for new pastime and new pleasures, whilst she was consuming in the most cruel torture, did not neglect to pay her the duties of civility as he passed ; and hence it was said in society after she was dead : " Indeed M. de Riche-

lieu has behaved most admirably to her! He did not cease to see her till her last moment."

'It was to be loved, thus, that this woman, who, at her own house, had her conduct been correct, would have enjoyed the public esteem, and all the comforts of an honoured and enviable life, sacrificed her repose, her fortune, all her pleasures. And what renders yet more frightful this delirium of vanity is, that neither her heart nor her senses had any considerable share in it. Madame de la Poplinière, with a lively imagination, was of extreme coldness; but an intriguing duke had appeared to her, as to many others, a glorious conquest: and it was this that occasioned her ruin.'

The story of Madame d'Héronville, is not less remarkable. This lady had been the mistress of Lord Albermarle, the English ambassador, and was universally admired for the gentleness and grace of her manners, and for something sweet, delicate, and interesting in her temper, and dispositions. She had never been suspected of any other irregularity; and after the death of her noble lover, was treated with great respect by the most considerable of his friends. Happening accidentally to do an important service to the Count d'Héronville, a nobleman of the first rank in France, he was so transported with love and gratitude, that he insisted upon marrying her; and though she had at first the prudence to decline his proposals, she was at last prevailed upon to accept them. The catastrophe was lamentable though exemplary

'The only prudent conduct for both of them to observe (and this was the advice I gave my friend) would then have been to confine themselves to a society of men, chosen as their mutual inclination guided, to render this society agreeable, and if possible attracting to women, or to be contented without them, and not to pretend to think of them. Madame d'Héronville felt perfectly that this conduct was the only one that suited her. But her husband, impatient to introduce her in society, would persist in doing violence to public opinion. Unhappy imprudence! he ought to have known that this opinion was interwoven with the dearest interests of women; and already too indignant that mistresses should steal from them their husbands and their lovers, they were determined never to suffer them to come and usurp their condition and enjoy it amid them. He flattered himself that, in favour of his wife, so charming a character, such rare merit, so many estimable qualities, so much decency and prudence,...in her, frailty itself would make it forgotten. He was cruelly undeceived in his mad mistake. She endured humiliations, and she died of grief.' I. 367, 68.

Nothing is more remarkable in these memoirs, and indeed in the whole history of French literature, than the prodigious importance of the stage as a road to distinction and riches. All talent was forced in a manner into that direction, and rewarded

with a liberality, that to those at a distance appears excessive and undistinguishing. It was by means of his tragedies that Marmontel was raised into public notice and favour, and it was upon them that all his labour and exertion was bestowed, His tales were written carelessly to fill up the pages of a literary journal, and without any idea of their contributing at all to his reputation. Yet these tales are read with admiration over every corner of Europe, while the existence of the tragedies is scarcely suspected by fifty persons out of his own country.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

AN ANNIVERSARY ORATION.

ON QUARANTINES.

(Continued from p. 187.)

In reply to these observations, it will probably be said, that the systems of quarantine, against which I am here inveighing, have (notwithstanding my charges of error and superstition) had the happy effect of preserving Europe from the Asiatic pestilence. Were this indeed the case, my arguments against them could have but little weight. The assertion, however, is wholly unfounded. They never protected a single individual, much less a whole country from this horrible disease. For nearly two centuries after the establishment of these systems, the south of Europe was visited by pestilence, as frequently as it had ever been before. Its exemption from that calamity, in latter times, has been owing to causes that have no connexion with lazarettoes and quarantines. These causes consist in the agricultural improvements which had drained and dried up offensive marshes and large bodies of stagnant water, in the introduction of forms of police enforcing greater cleanliness and purity in large and commercial cities, and in a radical change in the customs and modes of living of the inhabitants. In other words, they consist in removal of the extensive sources of septic exhalations, in higher degrees of personal and domestic cleanliness, and in the adoption of a diet and mode of life, better suited to the nature of the climate, and the constitution of the people. Let Italy and other countries of the south of Europe be reduced to the half-cultivated state in which they were during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and they will again, notwithstanding their quarantines and lazarettoes, be subject, as before, to pestilential epidemics. On the other hand, let even the countries of Asia be put under a proper state of agricultural improvement, let their cities become subject to a wise and well executed police, and let their inhabitants live in a manner accommodated to the climate, paying in particular, a due regard to personal and domestic cleanliness, and pestilence will cease to be the perpetual opprobrium and scourge of the

East. For there is no country on earth, so abandoned by nature, to inevitable calamity, as to be *necessarily* subject to that disease

Very early in the eighteenth century, the pestilence had been slightly epidemic in several of the countries of Europe. At length, in the year 1720, it broke out in Marseilles, where it prevailed for a time with unbridled rage and great mortality. Believing the disease to be highly contagious, Great Bratain began to tremble for her safety. Accordingly, the eye of the British ministry became eager in search of means to avert from the nation the impending evil. In this state of apprehension and anxiety, application was made to Dr. Meade, physician to George II, who, if not the most able, was, at least, the most popular, physician of the kingdom. This favourite of the court was requested to furnish a system of rules and regulations, to prevent the introduction of a disease, which was committing such ravages in the south of France.

In complying, or rather in attempting to comply, with this request, Dr. Meade had nothing but his knowledge of books to direct him. He had no personal experience in pestilential diseases, and could, therefore, do nothing else than simply tread in the footsteps of his predecessors. We accordingly find him immersed in most of the weaknesses and errors, and even in some of the wild extravagancies of the dark ages. He did not, indeed, contend, that pestilence was an engine of vengeance launched immediately from the hand of Deity. He considered it as an evil of terrestrial origin. But, he was firmly of opinion, that it had been always generated in the sultry climates of the East, and introduced from thence into Europe by means of contagion. Respecting the virulence and activity of this contagion, he relates several stories too gross and extravagant even for the ear of credulity itself. It would be unpardonable, therefore, to offend your ears by a repetition of them.

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

4*th of April* 1774...the parliament of England, laid an embargo on the port of Boston...forbidding any articles to be either shipped or landed, removing the custom house to Salem in consequence of the Americans having thrown tea belonging to the East India Company, into the sea.

4*th of April* 1776...died, Oliver Goldsmith, a native of Roscommon in Ireland. While virtue, sensibility and taste exist in the world, the name of this delightful writer will never be remem-

be:ed by their votaries without a mingled sentiment of admiration, pleasure and respect.

4th of April 1793...the number of persons detained in Paris, only as *suspected characters*, aristocrats, and counter revolutionists was 6763.

[*We reprint these lines, to correct the errors in their publication last week.*]

L'ORGUEIL.

(A Madame Vidame de Montfleury.)

L'orgueil vous doit un changement bien doux ;
Jadis il passait pour un vice ;
Mais depuis qu'il a l'honneur d'etre a vous
On le prendrait pour la justice.

LA PARESSE.

(A Madame Sophie de Lucè.)

A ce péché vous semblez vous livrer...
Quand on est si sure de plaire,
Sophie, on fait bien de se reposer;
Il ne reste plus rien a faire.

For the Observer.

[Translation of the above Tetrastics, inserted in No. 13.]

PRIDE.

(Addressed to Madame Vidame de Montfleury.

Pride, e'er was deem'd a vice, 'till thou
Confer'd on it a happier place ;
For, blended with thy charms, we now
Esteem it, as a new found grace.

LAZINESS.

(Addressed to Madame Sophie de Lucé.)

Of laziness, Sophie, 'tis plain
Thou'rt guilty. But I'll ne'er oppose
Thy fault : for sure of power to gain
All hear . in mercy still repose.

P. N.

For the Observer.

SALMAGUNDI.

The merited celebrity which this witty and facetious little work has obtained, having induced several persons to enquire what was the etymology of the word, we translate the following account of it from the French Encyclopædia.

SALMAGUNDI, a seasoning composed of different ingredients ...In the time of Rabelais (at the beginning of the 16th century) it was called *Salmagundin*. At present it is only known under the term Salmagundi, which is the same as oglio...the word is derivedfrom the Latin, *Salgami, conditum*, the ancients h aving given the name of *Salgamum*, to all sorts of vegetables such, as ra-

dishes, cabbages, cucumbers, &c. &c. which were put in a pot with salt to preserve them (conditum); and hence the word Salmagundi has been applied "to ragouts composed of various materials."

We may add that this word is likewise figuratively applied to all medleys of subjects and ideas, or mixtures of persons, of different conditions, characters or opinions, &c. &c. It is equivalent to what was formerly vulgarly called a *hotch potch*, and what is now society in the greatest part of the *civilized* world.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent Catherine *Keel-Haul*, really does not belye her name...if the youth does not *mend his manners* he must be incorrigible indeed. Catherine must excuse our not having attended sooner to her letter; for having been mislaid in the office, it was handed to Mistress Beatrice only five minutes before she sent it to the press.

We have given insertion to E's strictures, in consequence of having received reiterated complaints of the ill-conduct he justly reproves, sincerely hoping his observations may be productive of the desired end.

A correspondent is informed, that no English Dictionary authorises the use of the word *cynicism*.

Frederick's lines of to day are charming. The three first verses are in the lively and delicate style that distinguishes the poetry of Camoens.

We beg Philo-Naturæ to accept our thanks for his translation of the French Tetrastics...we have many blushing acknowledgments to offer this polite and ingenious correspondent for the blunders in the printing of his last piece...Beatrice can warmly enter into the feelings of a poet, when he sees his productions massacred..... but the truth is, a severe indiposition prevented her that week from paying the attention to correcting the press, indispensible to avoid inaccuracies, and hence arose the mistakes. She solicits Philo-Naturæ's indulgence for the past, and hopes when he again favours her with his effusions, he will not have to mourn, over mangled sense and numbers.

ERRATA.

No. 12, page 190... "On the appearance of the American Forest in Autumn"...line 37, for "Tysiac," read *Tyrian*....line 42, for "globase," read, *globose*,...line 56, for

"The shower promiscuous glistens afar,"—read
The shower promisc'ous glistens FROM afar.

The signature for PHILO-NATURA," read PHILO-NATURÆ.

Note 3, "soccharinum," *saccharinum*...Note 6, for "accidentalis," read *occidentalis*.

Page 199, for "le Franc de Pompignon," read *le Franc de Pompignan*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO LAURA.

Yes, Laura! while alone to me,
I fondly thought thy heart was given;
I own 'twas Heaven to think on thee,
And many an hour I've tasted Heaven.

O! then, such loving dreams would steal,
So sweetly o'er the mind each night—
'Twas bliss such as the soul might feel,
When wafted first to realms of light!—

And when thous't said, how very dear,
Was every minute pass'd with me!
I thought thy vows were most sincere,
And all my joy was loving thee!

How sweetly then, the moments flew!
How pure, how tranquil, was my breast:
No wishes, then, this bosom knew,
Save one alone—to make thee bless'd!

And thou art false! indeed thou art!
Yet think not, Laura, I repine—
Thou'rt welcome to so false a heart,
For O! it ne'er was worthy mine!

FREDERICK.

SELECTED.

[We copy the following song, from "Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poetry," as a specimen of the amatory stile in the reign of Charles the First.]

'Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose!
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers as in their causes sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light;
That downwards fall at dead of night;
For in your eyes they set, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

The price of this paper is FIVE DOLLARS per ann. to be paid in advance.